Specimen

Carlsbad Sea Lion.

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CARLSBAD, CALIFORNIA,

A CITY OF PLEASURE!

THE FUTURE

Health Resort

OF THE WESTERN CONTINENT,

Secure a Home in Carlsbad While Yet it May be Had at a Very Moderate Outlay.

Values are Daily Enhancing. Now is the Golden Opportunity. Fortune's Favors are Never Extended Twice.

CALSBAD IS NOTED FOR ITS CELEBRATED

Mineral Springs,

The Healing Properties of its Waters having been pronounced by the best Chemists, after a thorough analysis to be without rival.

Among other advantages possessed by Carlsbad to make it the

Pleasure Resort of Southern California,

And the best point for investment, its mineral waters will make it

The Resort of the Wealthy, the Pleasure-Seekers and the Invalid.

Lots for Sale from $175 to $500.

One-third Cash; Balance in 6 and 12 months; or 5 per cent discount for Cash.

For Desired Information, Address

Carlsbad Land and Mineral Water Co.,

CARLSBAD, CALIFORNIA.

Or HENRY A. NELSON, F street, near P. O., San Diego. Or DEXTER, GILBERT & CO., 115 W First street, Los Angeles.

H. H. Woolman. — E. M. Brass.

BRASS & WOOLMAN,

REAL ESTATE DEALERS,

CARLSBAD, — CALIFORNIA.

CITY AND RANCH PROPERTY BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION.

Taxes paid.—Rents collected.—Business attended to for Non-Residents Correspondence solicited.

FOR SALE!

150 LOTS FOR $150 Each

In Faucher's Highland Addition to CARLSBAD.

This tract consists of 167 acres and only 160 lots in this large tract are for sale at $150 each. Then a

LIMITED

number will be put on market at $200 each when prices will **again be advanced.** Terms: One third cash, one third in six months and balance in one year. A grand view of the Old Pacific, the City of Carlsbad, South Oceanside and Oceanside is obtained from every lot on the tract. My reasons for limiting the number of sales at these prices are that on this tract is the most beautiful and natural Hotel site on the coast and

I HEREBY AGREE

to have in course of erection before July 1888 a magnificent hotel, the cost of which has not yet been ascertained, but will undoubtedly be in the neighborhood of $30,000 and be called "Highland Hotel," besides many other improvements which will greatly enhance the value of the tract.

For further particulars as to location, attractions and future see the Carlsbad Land and Mineral Water Co.'s ad, "A City of Pleasure" on the first page.

John A. Faucher,
Proprietor, Carlsbad, Cal.

How the Air Brake Works.

Inquiries are heard almost daily as to the modus operandi of the air brake. The following, which we clip from the Chicago Journal, will afford an explanation:

Said a railroad man to me today: "I'll bet not one in a hundred of the people who travel on railroad trains understand how the pressure of air is used to apply the brakes to a train. When the air brake was first invented the air was turned into the cylinder under each car when the car was to be stopped, and the pressure was exerted to force the brakes up against the wheels. But at the present day the brakes are held against the wheels by springs, and the air is turned into the cylinders to push the brakes away from the wheels as long as the train is in motion. When it is desired to stop the train the air is let out, and then the springs apply the brakes and stop the train. This last method of using air pressure has great advantages over the old way on the score of safety.

"Whenever an accident happens to a train one of the first effects it is apt to have is to rupture the air pipes leading from the engine to the cylinders under the cars; and that of itself stops the train instantly. It is very important for everybody to understand this matter, because a child 5 years old can stop a train in thirty seconds from any car in the train if he simply understands how. You will see, if you look for it, that there is a sort of rope projecting from the toilet room of every car. That connects with the air pipes under the train. If you catch hold of it and give it a little jerk it will stop the train before it has gone 200 yards."

Scientific Scraps,

The following interesting items will be valued by our readers:

Eggs of the extinct Great Auk, of which less than 100 are known, now sell for more than $500 each.

There are thirty-seven tunnels of more than 1,000 yards in England, the longest being that of the Severn—7,664 yards.

A medical opinion is, that if consumption were eradicated from cattle it would soon disappear from the human race. Five per cent of English cattle have tuberculosis, and twenty per cent. of some Jersey herds of the United States are said to be affected.

Careful experience has shown that waste silk is the most effective of all non-conducting coverings for steam pipes, and the demand for this purpose promises to be great, notwithstanding the high price.

Soldiers in the Russian army are said to be cured of intemperance by a curious and heroic method. The inebriate is locked up, and given only food boiled in his favorite wretched spirit and water. He soon becomes horrible sick, but is kept on this diet until the very sight or scent of spirit creates in him an inextinguishable loathing for it.

The largest known flower is the Rafflesia, an extraordinary parasite of the forest trees of Sumatra, which measures three feet in diameter, weighs fifteen pounds, and has a caylx holding six quarts. The odor is that of tained meat. The plant consists only of the flowers, growing directly on the stem of its host.

Evidence exists that deaf mutes are not confined to the human race. In a farmer's herd for twelve years was a cow which never gave any signs of hearing, and whose evident attempts at lowing resulted only in a feeble guttural. Nothing abnormal could be discovered in the ears nor in the vocal organs.

An interesting collection of commercial products, made by Dr. Forbes Watson, has been acquired by University College, Dundee. It contains some 7,500 samples, embracing between 700 and 800 fibres, over 500 dyes and dye-stuffs, 500 oils and oilseeds, 600 or 700 gums, resins and guttas, nearly 2,000 medicinal substances and more than as many samples of food-stuffs.

During the month of March the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company lost $1,250,000 by the strike. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers would appear to be rather a powerful body, after all.

N. Faucher's PIONEER STORE,

Carlsbad, California.

A FULL LINE OF Staple and Fancy Groceries, Dry Goods and Clothing, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Crockery and Glassware.

ALSO FULL LINE OF **Builders' Hardware.**

Making it the best General Supply Store on the Coast.

GIVE US A CALL.

New Store IN CARLSBAD.

Having opened out a fresh and carefully selected stock of

Groceries, Provisions, Etc.

I cordially invite the public to thoroughly inspect my stock and satisfy themselves that prices are

ROCK BOTTOM,

and all goods as represented.

Particular attention called to my stock of

CANNED GOODS.

A fine assortment of

Jos. Winters' Celebrated Biscuits.

Also a large consignment of

Garden and Flower Seeds.

Don't forget the place:

Second Sreet, Corner Elm Ave.

E. L. LANGENBACH, PROP.

A. E. BANRY—

PAINTING AND KALSOMINING,

Decorating and Paper Hanging.

CARLSBAD, CAL.

All work done with neatness and dispatch.

J. A. FRAZIER—

NOTARY PUBLIC,

CARLSBAD,

San Diego County, California.

DRESSMAKING AND FITTING—

MISS IDA KUNZE,

SECOND STREET, CARLSBAD, CALIFORNIA.

Fitting and Cutting a Specialty.

A. J. CULVER—

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

CARLSBAD, CALIFORNIA.

Shop on Second Street, North of the Hotel.

OCEANSIDE NURSERY.

I have this season a million Home grown trees, shrubs and flowers, consisting of full lines of

FRUIT, SHADE, ORNAMENTAL AND EVERGREEN TREES, SHRUBS AND FLOWERS,

Which Will be Sold at Bed-rock Prices.

J. BEGG, Proprietor.

Russ Lumber & Mill Company,

Carlsbad, California.

DEALERS IN

Lumber and all kinds of Building Material.

Yard near James Kennedy's old stand. Office with Brass & Woolman.

A share of the public patronage is solicited.

J. LEWIS CRAMER, Manager.

HARRY L. TITUS—

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA.

LOW PRICES

will do it every time.

What?

Build up a large and paying business.

Chadbourne Furniture Company

The largest Furniture House on the PACIFIC COAST

CARRY:

Fine, Medium and Low Grade Goods of all descriptions for

Parlor, Drawing Room, Chamber or Hall. Dining Room, Office, Hotels or Boats.

Give us a call and be convinced,

SAN DIEGO, California.

Corner 3d and D Streets.

SECURE A HOME CHEAP IN

Anderson's Addition to Carlsbad.

This addition runs from the railroad to the ocean beach, in close proximity to Carlsbad's celebrated Mineral Springs, and for residence sites the lots in this addition cannot be equalled on the Coast. The land has a gradual slope to the sea, giving all a fine view of the ocean and surroundings.

Lots, 50x150 Feet, from $250 to $500.

Secure at once before it is too late as these are the cream of Carlsbad property. For particulars, call or address,

H. G. ANDERSON, CARLSBAD, CAL.

$200 Reward $200,

From two hundred to five hundred dollars per year will you award to your own self by trading constantly at

The great IXL at Oceanside.

Why?

We give it to you here in a nut shell:
We buy direct for cash thereby making on discounts on an average Seven per cent.
Our buyer member of this firm resides constantly in San Francisco,
watching the terms of trade, thereby saving.....Twenty-five p. cent
All our flower, potatoes, groceries arrived in Carload—lots—
which means half the freight, smaller lots have to pay.....Five per cent.
Grand total, all our goods cost us.....Thirty-seven p. cent, less than any other firm in this vicinity can reach it.

Remember we have no special rates, days, but we guarantee you every day in the year that we can and will sell you thirty-seven per cent cheaper than you can buy in San Diego or elsewhere.

Remember we have the largest stock and finest assortment in San Diego county, All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods,

Yours respectfully
D. Jacobs & Co.

Dealers in full lines of: Dry goods, fine clothing, finest hats, caps, boots and shoes, Hardware, grockery, groceries, wall papers, paints, oil, crushed and seed barley, wheat and barley hay, seed spuds and finest potatoes for family use.

HAMILTON & CO.,

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA.

Lead in prices and quality of Goods.

Keep a full stock in the following lines:

Fancy and Staple Groceries, Staple Dry Goods, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Rubber Goods.

Hardware of all Kinds.

Paints and Oils, Crockery and Glassware, Lamps &c, Garden and Field Seeds, and everything necessary for HOUSEHOLD USE.

I. LEVI. M. WERTHEIMER.

LEVI & WERTHEIMER,

Successors to A. SCHNEIDER.

Established 1869.

FIFTH STREET, NEAR F. **San Diego, Cal.** FIFTH STREET, NEAR F

Wholesale and retail dealer in

BOOKS AND STATIONERY. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. SHEET MUSIC. FANCY POSTERS.

Picture frames, Mouldings, Glass.

Artists Material and Fine Paints. Wall Paper. Optical Goods. Cutlery

General Newspaper Depot.

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA.

JOHN SCHUYLER,

—Dealer in—

Hardware, Cutlery, Stoves and Tinware, Water pipes, Water tanks. Pumps, Gasoline stoves, Crockery, and Glassware.

Plumbing and General Jobbing in Tin and Sheet iron Work.

JOHN SCHUYLER, Oceanside, Cal.

ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

CARLSBAD SEA LION.

PUBLISHED AT

Carlsbad, San Diego Co., - - - - - - Cal.

AMONG THE SIAMESE.

Social Conditions of One of the Most Interesting Oriental Countries.

It is said that in Siam the people are all slaves. But it is not the slavery we generally understand, but a species of slavish feudalism. Prisoners of war and their children for all time are absolute slaves. Of these there are a large number. But the remainder are bonded to some master. A parent sells his child, or a man sells himself, or rather mortgages himself. He borrows a sum of money at a very heavy rate of interest—fifteen per cent. being the legal rate, but a higher rate permissible—and pays the interest through life. The debt also binds his children.

Every one in this way first belongs to some nobleman, being marked by a tattoo, generally on the wrist, to indicate his master. He owes to the nobleman fifteen days' work each year. In addition to this is the mortgage or sale to some other master, perhaps less than a nobleman.

Polygamy is universal, and one sees at the theater a man in the dress circle of men, while his wife or wives and slaves (female) are in the women's circle. All classes chew the betel nut, and at the theater each family has the betal pot and spittoon. The latter is carried by a slave, who hands it to the ladies when they wish to spit.

The betel nut is astringent and somewhat intoxicant. It is chewed in connection with a paste made of lime, tobacco and pepper leaf. It not only blackens the teeth, but cracks the lips, and so injures the gums that the teeth are caused to protrude and look snaggy.

The King, Princes and common people are alike slaves to the nasty habit, and half of the women have their mouths injured if not absolutely distorted by it.

Otherwise, the women are decidedly comely, having fine forms and good gaits. Women and men dress so nearly alike that I could hardly distinguish one from the other for several days, for all wear short hair.

The dress is a cloth, called "panoong," about two feet wide, wrapped around the waist, with one corner drawn between the legs and caught in a girdle at the waist. This makes a sort of flowing trouser, falling to the knees.

A gentleman wears a closely-buttoned coat (sacque) buttoned to the neck, with long stockings and low shoes. The common man dispenses with the coat, stockings and shoes. The woman generally allows the "panoong" to hang like a petticoat and wraps about her breast a girdle, leaving the upper part of the bosom and shoulders entirely bare, and none wear shoes. Many of the working women dispense with the girdle entirely. The great mass of people, even in the city, go bare-legged and bare-footed. This is universal in the country.

The women appear to be industrious, and perform much more than half the work. The men are lazy and, with the exception of fishing, appear willing to leave the women to earn the bread. All are inveterate gamblers, and one rarely sees a gambling-house, of which there are a great many, otherwise than full. They are entirely open o the street, canal or river, and at night are distinguished by their many lights.—*Carter H. Harrison, in Chicago Mail.*

A Story of Jo Jefferson.

When Jefferson was playing his famous part of Rip Van Winkle during an engagement at St. Louis he one night went to the theatre tired by a long day's journey. The curtain rose on the third act and disclosed him deep in his twenty years' nap. Five, ten minutes elapsed, but he did not awake. The audience grew impatient. At length the gallery waxed uproarious and yelled their delight at one of them inquiring "if there was going to be nineteen years more of this sleeping business." Still Jefferson slept on and actually snored. Opening a small trapdoor beneath the stage, the prompter prodded Rip from below, only to see him fumble in his pocket for an imaginary railway ticket and hear him mutter, "Going clear through, conductor!" Of course this brought down the house.—Philadelphia News.

What His Line Was.

While traveling in France lately, M. de Lesseps happened to be placed in a compartment with two commercial travelers, who did not know him. The two "drummers" found that he had traveled much, and fancied that he belonged to their fraternity. "Beg pardon, sir," said one of them finally, "but are you not a traveling man, too?" "Certainly I am." "We thought so. What is your line?" "Isthmuses," said M. de Lesseps. "Wh-wh-what?" asked the puzzled drummer. "I am introducing ship canals," said de Lesseps. The commercial travelers feared that they had fallen in with a lunatic, but when de Lesseps made himself known they were much delighted with their distinguished fellow traveler.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Good Example.

"That $5 I loaned you some time ago, Fledgely," observed Robinson, "sets a good example to Christians."

"Er-yes," replied Fledgely, with an embarrassed laugh. "How—how's that?"

"It keeps lent so well."—New York Sun.

Of suspension bridges, the Brooklyn bridge is the largest, and that across the Ohio river at Cincinnati probably the second, while of arch bridges that across the Mississippi at St. Louis ranks first, and the bridge over the Susquehanna at Havre de Grace is one of the longest wooden bridges in the country.

—The Stoughton Musical Society has just celebrated its one hundred and first birthday at Randolph, Mass. It is one of the oldest musical organizations in the United States, and many noted New England musicians have belonged to it.

AN AUTOGRAPH MART.

Value of the Signatures of a Number of Famous Men and Women.

One of the new fads of the season is the collection of autograph letters from living men and women. One day this week a Broadway shopkeeper showed me an odd collection and told me the prices that he hoped to get for each letter. One from Browning, the poet, is marked $4.50. A humorous letter to President Garfield, signed Mark Twain, is held at $5. The great humorist says:

"It seems to me that it is better to have a good man's flattering estimate of my influence—and keep it—than to fool it away with trying to get him an office."

A brief note signed by Wilkie Collins, the novelist, is held at $1.50. Another from Sir Charles Dilke, the English statesman, whose escapades caused such a sensation a year or more ago, is valued at $1. One from General John C. Fremont, the pathfinder, and the first candidate of the Republican party for President, is ticketed $2.75. An autograph verse and signature by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is $2.25. A short letter written by eloquent Bob Ingersoll is not valued very highly. It may be purchased for 75 cents. One from the Marquis of Lorne, ex-Governor-General of Canada, may be had for $1.75. Justin McCarthy's autograph is valued at the same figure. John Ruskin's is more highly prized. It is held at $4.50. Clark Russell, the author of so many weird tales of the sea, has a name of some pecuniary moment. It is marked $2.50. A scrap of paper signed by General W. T. Sherman will be sold for $5. A letter of Spurgeon, the famous English divine, in which he mentions the Tory press is "bullying me very badly," may be had for $1.25. A letter from Charles Algernon Swinburne, the poet, apologizing for his illegible handwriting, is valued at $4. One from Sir Arthur Sullivan, of operatic fame, may be had for $2.75. Another from Alma Tadema, the distinguished English artist, is held at $1.75. A badly written note from Edmund Yates, the English journalist, is quoted at $1.25. The signature of Albani, the sweet singer, may be had for $4.50. Horatio Alger, Jr., the writer of boys' books, is not so high priced His may be had for 50 cents. Lawrence Barrett, the actor, can get $1 for his own signature; George Bancroft, the historian, $1; James Gillespie Blaine, $1.25; Benjamin F. Butler, 50 cents: George William Curtis, 25 cents; Samuel Sunset Cox, the witty member of the House, 50 cents; James Freeman Clark, the eminent Boston divine, $1; Simon Cameron, the Nestor of Keystone State politics, 75 cents; George W. Childs, Editor of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, 50 cents, and the signature of his old enemy, Chas. A. Dana, Editor of the New York *Sun*, at the same figure; Rose Eytinge, the actress, 50 cents; Edison, the Menlo Park wizard, 50 cents; Emily Faithful, the English philanthropist and writer, $1.25; Cyrus W. Field, $1; Mary J. Holmes, the novelist, 50 cents; ex-President Hayes, 50 cents; Joel Chandler Harris, "Uncle Remus," 50 cents; James Russell Lowell, $1.50; Modjeska, the actress, 50 cents; Levi P. Morten, ex-Minister to France, only 25 cents; Louise Chandler Moulton, the Boston writer, 75 cents, Bill Nye, 50 cents, Edward E. Rice, the theatrical manager, 25 cents, and Stuart Robson, the comedian 75 cents; a poem by Stedman, $6: a signature by Carl Schurz. 50 cents; one by John Sherman, 75 cents; Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, $1.25; and Zola, the French novelist, $6.50. Three signatures by people of the stage may be had for 50 cents; they are Fanny Davenport, Mary Anderson and Wilson Barrett. Senator Evarts, Roscoe Conkling, ex-Senator Mahone, Senator Chandler, Fred Douglass, Speaker Carlilse, Steve Dorsey, Samuel J. Randall and Senator Vest for 25 cents each. The most costly signature is that of Ouida, the novelist, $7.50, and the cheapest Boston's only Mike Kelly, the ball tosser, 10 cents.—*N. Y. Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

An Accommodating Climate.

"Pretty cold out your way, winters, isn't it? Mercury twenty below, and all that sort of thing?"

"Why, yes," said the Minneapolis man, "it is kind o' cold; but then the fact is, the cold sort o' strikes right in and takes hold, and stays there; and you really aren't conscious of it till it begins to thaw out of your system in the spring. And then the weather 's warm, and you can stand it."—*Puck.*

—The colored school at Hawkinsville, Ga., to be known as the Dempsey Clarke Institute, was named after Dempsey Clarke, who years ago was sold as a slave on the block by the sheriff at Hawkinsville. He ran away from his new master, took to the swamps, and for years lived as a runaway slave. He was at length captured by dogs, but again ran away. His owner sold him while yet in the woods. Dempsey was pleased with his new owner, and became his most trusty servant. After the war he became a landowner, prospered, and is now one of the most prominent planters of Houston County, and his liberal gifts have resulted in the new school.

—A rubber ball, two inches smaller than the pipe, was placed in one end of a new natural gas main in McKeesport, and five pounds pressure suddenly turned on. The ball turned several sharp corners, passed through two T joints up six feet to the top of the regulator and landed at the other end of the main, a mile distant, in forty-five seconds, actual time.

DESERVING OF HELP.

How a Man of Nerve and Spirit Lost His Entire Fortune.

A haggard-looking tramp stopped at a house in Kentucky and called for the "landlord." Old Major Bowles, a well-known character in Central Kentucky, stepped out on the gallery and in a rather ungentle voice demanded:

"What do you want here, sah?"

"My dear sir," said the tramp, taking off his tattered hat and bowing with a sort of meek despair, "you see me in hard luck."

"Hang your luck!" exclaimed the Major.

"I can heartily endorse that sentiment," replied the tramp, "but I am not here to indorse or to receive indorsement but to ask for something to sustain the body. I am starving."

"That's not my fault," said the Major. "The world is pretty well filled with just such starving fellows as you are, but I have never heard of one of them dying. I don't mind giving a man a little something to eat, but I'll be blowed if I intend to encourage your infernal laziness. Like all the rest of your tribe, I suppose that you claim to be quite a respectable fellow?"

"Yes, sir."

"Of course. And I reckon you once had money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Of course. But you lost it on account of a rascally partner?"

"No, sir."

"Stocks went down, then?"

"No, I had nothing to do with stocks."

"Well, then, the bank broke."

"I had nothing to do with banks?"

"Why, this is strange. Over-cropped yourself and there came a drought?"

"No, I had nothing to do with farming."

"Is it possible!" said the Major, now keenly interested. "O, I see, you bought a steamboat."

"No."

"Saw-mill?"

"No, sir."

"And yet you had money and lost it?"

"Yes, sir."

"But how."

"I lost it playing poker."

"What!" exclaimed the Major. "Why, my dear sir, you are not the rascal I took you for. Why, you are a man of nerve and spirit. Come in, and help yourself to any thing there is in the house."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

WORK FOR WOMEN.

How Two Enterprising and Industrious Ladies Make a Living.

Here is the way one woman turns the honest penny: She is a seamstress by trade and a good one, but after all her faithful industry is barely able to eke out a scanty living with her needle. Constant and weary toil makes madame none the less a lady, however, and one of the first requirements of her life is to occupy pleasant apartments. Rent per month is say five dollars. With a hundred and one drains on a small treasury this is a considerable sum to compass, and the cleverness with which she manages to secure the amount would put to shame many an older financier. In the first instance one dollar was invested at the baker's, which as every one knows will buy two dozen fat loaves.

She next secured twenty-four regular customers to pay five cents apiece as she delivered the bread early every morning, carrying it warm and crisp from the oven. This, as will be seen, gives her twenty cents clear profit a day. Being carefully deposited in a savings bank on the mantle shelf, behold when the landlord knocks the required sum is all ready for payment. The early walk in no way interferes with her regular duties, but on the contrary serves as a good constitutional, a healthful preparation for the sedentary employment of the rest of the day. Hearing of a woman who has courage and energy to do this sort of thing helps others along, no matter what their calling or pursuit.

The first woman to occupy the position of cane weigher on a sugar plantation—a place of some trust and responsibility—was a young girl from the North. Fortune took her up in the coast country this past autumn, and, asking work, the situation was offered and immediately accepted. She went to work without hesitation, and, giving perfect satisfaction to her employers, proved there is still another line of work opened to those of her sex looking for employment.—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

Sleep as a Medicine.

The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food, not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability or temper, peevishness and uneasiness. It will restore to vigor an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will cure a headache. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to produce weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, not too warm a room, a clear conscience and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard and nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we recommend the adoption of such habits as shall secure sleep, otherwise life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.—*Medical Times.*

—We don't know of any thing that is needed more than a mince pie trust.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

TENDERFOOT EDISON.

The Great Electrician Has an Amusing Experience on the Plains.

At a dinner party at the Presidio the other evening, one of the officers related some anecdotes of Thomas Edison.

"He is the most unpractical man in the world," said the Captain. "I remember well the summer of '78, the season of the total eclipse of the sun. A lot of scientific men were there—Pro. Trouvelot, of Cambridge; Harkness, the well-known astronomer; John L. Draper, and many more of them—besides a number of army people, who went up from some of the forts to a little station on the Union Pacific, called Separation, to view the phenomenon.

"Edison was one of the party, and they made observations, drew sketches, took photographic impressions, and when the eclipse was over compared notes as to the sensations they had experienced. Draper gave it as his opinion that if it were possible for it to continue an hour numbers of people would commit suicide, and it would leave generally a bad effect on the digestion and the nervous system.

"Edison, you know, is quite deaf, and the strangest thing was, during an hour or so of the densest partial eclipse, he recovered his hearing to almost a normal degree. They were up there a couple of days before the event occurred, and we officers had our rifles with us, and hunted antelope and deer. Edison was imbued with the sportsman spirit, and handing one hundred dollars to a man, said: 'Get me a gun, will you?" The man brought the gun, which had cost seventy-five dollars, and handed him the change, which he returned, saying: 'Here, I want some powder, and things; get me the balance in ammunition. I s'pose twenty-five dollars' worth is about all I can carry, isn't it?'

"Every one laughed at the picture of Edison carrying twenty-five dollars' worth of cartridges about his person.

"They had a stuffed jack rabbit at the station, which some clever telegraph man had prepared for the befooled emigrants to shoot at.

"This was set rigidly up in the sagebrush, and pointed out to Edison, who had never shot at any real game before. He deliberately drew bead on it, and, after a full minute's aiming, he pulled the trigger.

"He didn't come anywhere near the animal, but was very much excited. 'Wait,' said he; 'if the thing will only stand still five minutes longer, I'll kill him, sure.'

"Bang!" went the gun again, amid the suppressed titters of the crowd, and again, as before, the rabbit calmly viewed the horizon, with his round, unblinking glass eyes.

"Well, I do believe Edison fired away at that thing no less than a dozen times before the idea crept into his electric brain that it was a put-up job. He took it quite good-naturedly."—*Leslie's Budget.*

SECRETS OF THE DEEP.

A New York Diver Chats About His Unromantic Calling.

The most unpleasant thing a diver can meet is the dead body of a human being. It is a popular delusion that all drowned men come to the surface after several days. Probably they would if they were left alone and were not attacked by wharf-rats, eels and fishes. But in the Hudson they are always attacked in this way within an hour or two after they are submerged. Once attacked, that ends it. The breaking of the skin diffuses something, it may be a scent around, and then every thing travels for that body to get a square meal. Long before decomposition it is so cut and riddled that what gases are formed have no chance to accumulate and inflate the walls of the abdomen. We divers never touch bodies in this state, because it brings the worst luck possible. The only exception to the rule I know was the body of a man who had committed suicide. He had tied around his neck a bag of some heavy stuff, shot or lead pipe, it may have been, and had jumped in from a ferry-boat or a pier-head near to shore. When I came across it it was dilated with its own gases and seemed in the half light under the water to be a stout man trying to swim to the surface, but anchored down by a heavy weight. There was so much travel that it had kept the fishes away. A single cut of my knife severed the cord and the body rose to the surface, where it was found and afterwards identified as that of a German cobbler, who had been drinking to excess. Other somber objects beneath the water are the remains of wrecks and worn-out boats. Most are gray and black in color naturally. They become covered with greenish scum and slime and with the dark ooze of the river. They are of no value and so we never bother ourselves about them.

There is very little romance or beauty about a diver's life. The white sand beaches and coral floors, the brilliant colored fishes and the exquisite forests of the sea that the reading public never weary of in Jules Verne and other writers, do not exist. It is cold, dark, filthy and dead. The first time you go down there is a novelty and excitement about it which are very pleasant. When these wear off you feel like the gravediggers who every morning go to work in the great cemeteries. You must be quick, alert and sober. You must keep your eyes and ears always open and be ready for any thing. If you don't you'll probably feed the fishes.—*N. Y. Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—He—"I fear I am wearying you with my prosy conversation. You look a little tired." She—"O, no, indeed; I was only thinking how very tired you must be."—*Judge.*

A BIT OF BUNTING.

Something About Flags of All Kinds and Their Manufacture.

After all, what would the tight little islands known as Great Britain amount to if no Union Jack flaunted their power in the face of the world? And, as for that matter, the "land of the free and the home of the brave," if there were no stars and stripes to wave gloriously over men and masts in four quarters of the globe? It would signify in the latter instance the squeezing dry of every inflammable drop of patriotic sentiment that ignites in the breasts of all full-blooded Americans at the bare sight of a certain arrangement of colors. Citizens of these United States rise ardently to the flag at all times and under all circumstances, and it is one of the delightful sensations invariably recorded in a journey abroad, when they tell of their hearts swelling with honest pride at sight of the floating red, white and blue.

It seems a bit curious, too, when one comes to think over all the mischief these national rags have wrought, for they lead men straight on to death and destruction as gayly as though luring him to the surest goal of life's desires. They may indeed be mere symbols of weightier realities, but, after all, much of the purest love and honor of many peoples lie in embroidered folds of silk or bunting. They are humbled as their standard droops, and triumphant as its colors dictate. Flags are the outward and noticeable signs of benevolence, might, wealth and victory, war, peace or disaster, disease, death and festivity, as well as protection and defiance. The making of flags is a business of importance in all seaport towns, for there is a continual demand for such articles aboard all kinds of craft.

It is simply astonishing to see how short a time it takes for sea, wind and weather to whip the stoutest stuffs into ribbons. When the breeze blows fair, and with sunshine plenty, a bunting banner may be carried at the mast head some three months or more; but let one gale ruffle the waters, and before the pretty strip can be lowered, the tempest has blown it into a bunch of tatters. Sailors, as a rule, make all signals used on their vessels, and even some of the larger standards, but each one is supposed to carry a set of flags belonging peculiarly to its rank which can only be manufactured on land.

All the merchantmen have their flags made here, and it is quite interesting to turn over those of the various European countries for comparison. When the Brazilian man-of-war was visiting this city the captain ordered a complete set for his ship, which was made of the finest quality of materials, and numbers have been sent since to Ecuador, Mexico, Guatemala and other South American nations.

In spite of all temptation one must yield the palm of beauty to the flag chosen by this country. It is unique, striking and elegant compared with the great similarity existing among foreign banners. The finest and daintiest work is put on a silk national flag, for, like tapestry, the embroidery shows the same on both sides. The silk is always rich, and nothing can be prettier than the azure field with stars sown thickly on the deep blue ground. Looking over the stock the reporter came across some yellow flags, designed for quarantine stations; others for naval dispatch were white squares with five blue clubs worked in floss, but more than all others were the French flags used on the 14th of July.—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

A SEA TELEPHONE.

Communicating Under Water by Means of a Novel Device.

Some interesting experiments have lately been made to test the feasibility of enabling ships to communicate with one another by means of what may be called a sea telephone. It is known that water is a good transmitter of sound, and that the velocity with which sound is conveyed through it is about four times as great as its velocity through the air.

Experiments made on the Lake of Geneva long ago showed that the sound of a submerged bell could be heard by means of a special form of ear trumpet, also placed beneath the water, at a distance of several miles from the bell.

Mr. Boyer, of H. M. S. Malabar, has lately in a measure revived this experiment, only he has used a telephone instead of an ear-trumpet as receiver of the sounds transmitted.

The apparatus consists of a large, flat bell or gong placed just below the water line at a ship's side, and which is so connected by means of a tube with the deck that a hammer can be made to act on the bell at will. This is the transmitter. The receiver consists of a Bell telephone, with a large diaphragm placed in the center of the bell and connected by means of wires with another telephone on the deck of the ship. This second instrument is held to the observer's ear.

By means of this apparatus it is found that sound can be readily conveyed through the water for upward of a mile, and it is claimed that signals can be thus made under the sea which will be quite independent of fog or stormy weather.

There seems to us to be only one weak point in this method of signaling, and that is the want of a means of calling the attention of the distant receiver when the transmitter wishes to send a signal. In the working of the ordinary telephone each observer has his signaling bell, but this is impossible with the sea telephone. In the absence of fog, too, the ordinary system of signaling, either by means of flags, or at night by flashing lights, meets all requirements.—*London Graphic.*

A MODERN WONDER.

Sunstroke Caused by Agencies Produced by an Electric Battery.

A highly interesting and suggestive account of what may be called sunstroke by electricity was recently printed. At the Creuzot foundry in France an electric furnace is used, in which the light equals that of 100,000 candles, and the heat is such that steel melts like butter in a few seconds. Now people standing about at a distance of a few yards feel no heat, a thermometer five yards away does not indicate much increase of temperature. Yet a subtle influence is at work, and a spectator who remains for an hour or two is said to experience "a burning sensation, with more or less pain in the neck, face and forehead, the skin at the same time assuming a coppery red tint. Later symptoms are headache and sleeplessness. Afterwards the skin of the face gradually peals off in broad flakes, while the complexion is left of a fine brick color." The symptoms are those of continued exposure to hot, bright sunlight. In extreme cases they are those of sunstroke, though the only apparent agent has been intense light. As to this it must be remembered that the quality of radiant heat is to pass through the air without appreciably rising its temperature. When it meets a calorific body that body is heated, as illustrated in a room warmed by a glowing fire. The air may not be warmer than fifty degrees, while the furniture is warm to the touch, yet no sense of chilliness is experienced, because the body and its clothes have the property of absorbing the heat thrown out from the fire. In the same way the intense heat of the electric focus may exert its influence at a distance. The value of the observation, if it is correctly reported, lies in its suggestion as to the way in which sunstroke of the indicated type is produced. It suggests, for instance, that the whole matter may be a question of the rapidity of the vibrations originated by the luminous body, whether those that are known under the name of light, or those slower ones that are described by the word heat. Molecular changes in the system due to heat, or light, or both, produce in some way not yet definitely explained, the affection known as sunstroke. Whatever throws light on the conditions or nature of the changes helps to clear up a very obscure and puzzling subject, specially related to the functions of the nervous system, and bearing at the same time on the mechanics of etherial vibrations. Heat, light and chemical effect are all connected, and very possibly all involved in this particular problem. It offers magnificent possibilities for students who have courage and patience to attack it.—*Hartford Courant.*

STRANGE FETICHES.

Some of Those Cherished and Worshiped by the Congo Negroes.

Every Congo negro carries a M'kissi upon himself, and there may be thousands of kinds of them that escape the eyes of the white man. The N'ganga, or medicine man, is usually the fabricant of the fetich, and whatever he finds good to impose upon his simple-minded, credulous brethren for a high price, sewed up in cloth or leather or inclosed in a goat's horn, is doubly valuable in the eyes of its new possessor because he believes that his M'kissi stands in a personal relation to himself, and he can not be induced to give it up to a white man for any price.

Among those amulets are dried snakes' and lizards' heads, little pieces of skin, feathers of certain birds and parts of known poison plants. The eye teeth of leopards are an exceedingly valuable fetich on the Kroo coasts, and it is easy to buy with them articles of vastly more real value, like ivory rings, etc.

The Kabinda negroes wear a little brown shell, very much like our Linnæus, on their necks. The shells are sealed with wax, and are made, perhaps, vessels containing magic medicines. The large snail shells found in the Cassava or manioc fields on the Kuilu Niadi are also M'kissi, and set in the fields by the women who till them to protect the plantations. One of the chiefs in the Upper Kuilu Niadi, in N'kuangita, has a M'kissi against the tornado. It is an antelope horn. On the approach of a storm the King calls his people together; the horn is stuck in the ground and a dance is begun around it, which is kept up, in spite of wind and storm, till the tornado is over.

Every house in the village has its M'kissi; they are frequently put over the door or brought inside, and then they protect the house from fire and robbery. These penates of the negroes are sometimes figures very artistically cut in wood or ivory, and show a certain degree of native skill and taste in the people. But it is not the guardians of his house only that the negro thus represents in material figures. He also gives corporal form to diseases like small-pox and fever. Every town has its war fetich.

The hypœne palm tree on the Kuilu shows how the negro sees a spirit at work in the wonders of nature which he can not explain. The tree was M'kissi to the whole village. Good medicines, with which the negroes are acquainted or of which they experience the salutary effect, are also called M'kissi. A negro called a dose of castor oil which I gave him M'kissi m'bote, or good medicine.—*N. Y. Journal.*

—At a restaurant: Irate Customer—"Waiter, look here; this isn't a beefsteak; it's a paving-stone, I call it." Waiter hurries up and courteously remarks: "Oh! we thought, we might safely offer it to monsieur." "How so?" "Because monsieur has such a splendid set of teeth."—*La Gaulois.*

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

UNREST.

The farther you journey and wander
From the sweet simple faith of your youth,
The more you peer into the yonder
And search for the root of all truth,
No matter what secrets uncover
Their veiled mystic brows in your quest,
Or close on your astral sight hover,
Still, still shall you walk with unrest.

If you seek for strange things you shall find them,
But the finding shall bring you to grief;
The dead lock the portals behind them.
And he who breaks through is a thief.
The soul with much ill-gotten plunder,
With its premature knowledge oppressed,
Shall grope in unsatisfied wonder
Alway by the shores of unrest.

Though bold hands lift up the thin curtain
That hides the unknown from our sight;
Though a shadowy faith becomes certain
Of the new life that follows death's night;
Though miracles past comprehending
Shall startle the heart in your breast,
Still, still will your thirst be unending,
And your soul will be sad with unrest.

There are truths too sublime and too holy
To grasp with a mortal mind's touch.
We are happier far to be lowly;
Content means not knowing too much.
Peace dwells not with hearts that are yearning
To fathom all labyrinths unguessed,
And the soul that is bent on vast learning
Shall find with its knowledge—unrest.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Lippincott's.

UNDER THE SNOW.

I was coming out of the mountains to the north of Virginia City with a lot of miners' mail strapped on my back. There was no regular mail route there then, but about once a month some one took the letters down and returned with any mail found at the postoffice. I was on snow shoes. The winter had been severe, and the snow was five or six feet deep on the level. The 27th of January had been a very balmy day, with a warm sun and wind, and on the morning of the 28th I started.

I had to make my way along the base of a range known to us then as Bill's Thumb, and for this twelve miles there was only one settler. He was an old bachelor, who had built himself a snug, stout cabin under the eaves of the Thumb. He was hunter, miner, prospector, taxidermist, naturalist and I don't know what else. Some of the boys who had met him had an idea that he had soured on the world, and had come out there to live a hermit life, but he was a chap who kept to himself and would not allow any one to question him. I got along very well for the first five miles, but then realized that I was in danger from snow slides. The thaw had continued through the night, and it needed only a jar to send the great masses of snow lying on the mountain rushing down the slope with a force which nothing could stand. One took place behind me which brought down hundreds of tons, and as I pushed my way forward all my senses were on the alert for the first signal of danger.

When I had approached within pistol shot of the hermit's cabin I saw the man himself about a mile down the valley. He was coming toward the house, but had a burden on his shoulder and was moving slowly. Therefore, as I reached the cabin I stood at the door to wait for him, thinking he might wish me to take a letter or do some errand. He was still half a mile away when I heard a dull, heavy fall away up the mountain above my head. I knew it was a mass of snow tumbling off the rocks, and that it was the seed of an avalanche. The sound had scarcely reached my ears when I wrecked to the door, lifted the latch, and the next instant was inside. I was none too soon. Almost every pound of snow on a mountain side, 1,000 feet high and a quarter of a mile long, was in motion for the base. It came with a terrible roar and a succession of crashes as rocks and trees were caught up, and I held my breath for what was to happen. The house trembled and rocked, a thousand empty wagons seemed to rush over the roof, and then all was midnight darkness, and the stillness of the grave settled down upon me.

The house had been buried under an avalanche. It was God's mercy that it had not been swept away and torn log from log. There was only a small fire on the hearth, and before I moved I struck a match to see my way. After looking about a bit I found a candle, and then I began to investigate the situation. On opening the door I found the snow packed solidly in front. Going to the single window I found every ray of light shut out. In the room was a bundle of rods about as large as my finger and nine feet long. There were six of them. I seized one and thrust it upward from the door, but it did not go through the drift. I lashed another to it, and yet the length was not sufficient. I lashed on a second, and now had at least twenty-five clear feet of pole to probe with, and I believed the upper end found daylight. In front of the cabin, and about 200 feet away, was a great mass of bare rock forty rods long by fifty feet high. This would stop the avalanche, and it was more than likely that a solid mass of snow forty rods long and twenty-four feet deep lay above me.

What had become of the hermit? There was not one chance in 4,000 that he had escaped. The avalanche would block the trail for weeks, and at the very best it would be some days before any one at our camp would know that I was in the hut. If the hermit escaped he would carry the news. If he was buried under the snow I might as well make up my mind to remain a prisoner until spring. I was in a bad box, and for the first half hour I quite lost my courage. Then, having every reason to believe that I must be a prisoner for many long days, I began to take an inventory of stock, as it were. There was a good bed of skins and blankets, several cooking utensils, a table and several rough stools, a clock, a dozen or more books, about thirty candles, with tea, coffee, sugar, pork and flour in quantities to last me several weeks. I could not have been better provided for had I planned for the avalanche to come. There was a leanto at the back end of the hut, and I looked into this to find it full of fuel. I felt much more hopeful after I had taken the inventory, for I could not help but feel that it would be long before I saw daylight again

For several hours after the accident the cabin sent forth suspicious sounds. The snow was settling and packing above it, and rafters and logs cracked and snapped in a way to keep me on thorns. If the weight on the roof proved too great I should be crushed or smothered the moment it fell in. It was after 3 o'clock in the afternoon before I felt safe. But very little snow had come down the chimney. I reasoned from this that it had been covered by rocks or limbs. If such was the case and the fire refused to burn, I should be hard pressed with plenty of raw provisions at hand. I felt all the gravity of the situation as I threw on some light wood and made a blaze. It was a hard fight for half an hour. Some of the smoke certainly found a way to escape, but some was driven back. However, after a time the heat of the fire brought down a great deal of water—so much that I could scarcely keep a flame going—and about 4:30 o'clock the cabin was cleared of smoke. While I could not for an instant believe that the mouth of the chimney showed above the snow, I was satisfied that some way had been opened for the smoke to drive away. I may explain here that a great mass of tree tops lodged on the roof before the bulk of that snow came, and these held the snow up so that the smoke went sailing about in a hundred channels.

I got myself some supper, wound up the clock, and sat down for a smoke and a think. The hermit had two pipes and a large stock of tobacco, and lonely as was my situation a feeling of gratitude to God for the comforts at hand was uppermost in my mind. I was now perfectly satisfied that I was buried deep under the snow, and that my rescue would be a matter of weeks. The first move was to write out a statement of the accident, and this I placed where it would be preserved and found in case of my death. Then I began a daily journal, and mapped out a programme to be followed. A week's imprisonment would be nothing, but after that it would not do to let the mind dwell on the situation. You see, the horror of it was the stillness. The idea kept coming up that I was buried alive, and it was an awful thing to think of. The hermit's clock was an old fashioned one, with a loud tick tack, and after the cabin got through settling under the weight of the snow every tick sounded almost as loud as the blow of a hammer. It was so warm that I needed only the smallest fire, and when I went to bed at 9 o'clock there was no need of even a single blanket for cover.

I was up at an early hour next morning, having slept like a log all night, and while eating breakfast was startled by sounds which I believed to be the voice of a human being. I thought I could hear groans and moans and cries for help, and when I opened the door the sounds came to me more distinctly. It might be that the hermit, caught under the snow, had succeeded in tunneling his way to a point from which I could rescue him by digging, and I had no sooner dispatched my breakfast than I set about making me a shovel to dig with. I found a hatchet, and with this sharpened a board, and the snow I dug from the doorway I heaped up in the fuel room. I had not been digging over half an hour when I made the discovery that the first rush of the avalanche had brought down a great lot of small trees, bushes, and rocks, with here and there a large tree. They had been piled up helter skelter, but they held up the mass of snow so that with a little digging I could run a tunnel in almost any direction. Great care was necessary, however, as the burden above was very heavy, and the displacement of a support might bring down a great weight of snow.

After I had run the tunnel straight out from the door about twenty feet I turned to the right, made my way under a lot of rubbish, and after going about thirty feet came upon the body of an Indian. Here the limbs and sticks made a sort of bower, under which he lay, and I knew that it was his voice I had heard calling. There were no Indians about us except hostiles, and just before the snow came they had killed two men belonging to our camp. We had no fear of them after winter set in, knowing that they stuck close to their villages. Here was a redskin, however, and in full war paint; but I had no sooner found him than I saw that he was dead, though his body was still warm. He had been mauled in a terrible manner, both legs being broken, his head all bloody from an injury, and his right arm doubled under him as if broken. I could see the butt of his rifle sticking out of the snow, but when I pulled at it I found the barrel missing. It had been wrenched off. I got his tomahawk and knife, however, together with powder horn and bullet pouch, and when I had pulled the body along and crept behind it, I caught sight of a moccasin in the snow and dirt. It took me an hour to unearth the body, which was that of a second warrior. The life had been crushed out of him in a second. The mass of rock which had come down with him had broken every bone in his body, and a great share of his face had been ground off. His rifle I could not find, while both knife and tomahawk were broken. While searching his cold and battered body I found a buckskin bag containing about $300 worth of small nuggets of gold, and this gave me a hint to overhaul the other. I also got from him a bag containing about $200 worth of dust and nuggets, and in the search I found attached to his belt a white man's scalp, which had not been off the victim's head over two days. They must have been in ambush part way up the mountain, intent upon taking the hermit's scalp, and but for the avalanche they might have had mine as well.

The day had gone by the time I had overhauled the second Indian's body. Being at work the hours had passed swiftly away, and I had not given myself any time to brood over the horrors of the situation. After supper I sat in front of the fire for a while, then wrote up my daily journal, and when I went to bed I left the door wide open. It seemed to me that the air was getting foul down there, and by opening the door the room was greatly purified. It was midnight, as I afterward came to know, and the fire was all out, when some noise in the room startled me. I sat up in bed and was soon convinced that some one or some living thing beside myself was present. I could hear a labored breathing, together with sounds as of some one pulling himself along the floor, and I climbed over the foot of the bed and lighted the candle. What was my amazement to find a third savage in the cabin! He had quite reached the side of the bed, and had I got out that way, as usual, he would have at least wounded me, for he had his naked knife in his hand and was bent on murder. The hatchet was at hand, but I did not need a weapon. The warrior had been dreadfully hurt, and, as investigation proved, had been buried just beyond the other two. When I left the bodies he had dug his way to my tunnel, and then pulled himself along to the door, intending to have my life as I slept. When baffled in this, he stared at me with all the hate a human heart can betray. He was crushed at the hips, and none but a savage could have accomplished what he did. I could have killed him at a single blow, but the horrible work was spared me. Death was already beside him, and as I stood and looked down upon him, candle in hand, he uttered a faint warwhoop and fell over dead. When I was sure that life had departed I dragged him into the tunnel and shut and barred the door, and so upset had my nerves become by the adventure that I did not sleep again that night.

In the morning I excavated a hole near where the two bodies lay and pushed the three into it and packed the snow over them. Then I began running a tunnel for the ledge in front of the cabin, and had gone about twenty feet when the second night came. Early in the third day I had to abandon this tunnel on account of a cave in, which nearly smothered me. Then I turned to the right to come out down the valley, and I was still at this work when the first week closed. Early in the second week I was stopped by a bank of rocks and earth, and when the second week closed I was drifting a tunnel to the left. It was slower work than you would think for. The snow was packed very solid, and all I dug out had to be thrown behind me, and eventually carried off and scattered in some hole under the tree tops. Every few feet I met with a big rock or the trunk of a tree, and it was hard work to get around such obstructions. Again a cave in would take place to hinder further progress for a day or two, and I finally came to the conclusion that I could never get out by tunneling.

I started in on the third week more to be at work than from any hope of escape. All that week I tunneled to the right again, and at 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon I broke into my own tunnel. In other words, I had done as a man does when lost in the woods. I made a half circle and came back on myself, while all the time I felt sure I was going straight ahead. The fourth week was spent mostly in the house. I was now becoming much weaker, and was ready to give up. It was on the thirty-fifth night that the cabin began groaning and cracking again, and I knew that the snow was settling down around it. The noises continued all night, giving me many a fright, and at 7 o'clock next morning, when I opened the door, I found my tunnel filled up. I was lamenting this when I noticed that the fire was drawing better than usual. Going over to the fireplace I took a look up the chimney and saw the dark sky of heaven. At the same moment three or four drops of rain fell upon my face, and then I understood that a great thaw had set in and was reducing the snow around me. It was three days more, however, before I got daylight through the window and could force my way out of the door.

It had been raining for three days and nights, and the creek below me was a mad torrent. The snow on the trail was yet very deep, and I was compelled to wait two days more before I could get away. Then the weather changed to colder, and I got down to Virginia City. It was nearly a month later before we could get at the bodies I knew were under the snow. The hermit had been caught in the edge of the rush and killed by being dashed against the rocks. His body was carried across the frozen creek to the edge of a thicket, and such clothing as still clung to it was in shreds and tatters. They had known of the avalanche both above and below, and had given me up for lost. As near as the men could judge the snow above me was forty feet deep, and no one had any idea that the cabin had been spared. That I came out of it alive was simply the luck which strangely enough saves a man now and then from the open jaws of death.—New York Sun.

The Warm Blooded Eskimo.

Whenever these cold proof nomads of the north find themselves so far away from home that they cannot conveniently reach it before late at night, they build a small snowhouse (snow kennel would be a better name for it), crawl in and shut the door—which is a block of snow—pull their arms out of the sleeves of their reindeer coats, having previously put the hoods of the coats well around their heads and ears, fold their arms across their bare breasts, with a block of snow under their head, and go to sleep and snore away apparently as comfortable as if they were in a first class hotel. The only time they object to this light and airy system of sleeping out of nights is when a long or hard day's work has created a generous flow of perspiration, and especially in the reindeer stockings. If they be wet from this cause there is considerable risk to even the warm blooded Eskimo of getting his toes badly nipped.—Frederick Schwatka in St. Louis Republican.

Mexico's "King Cake" Day.

The 6th of January is "king cake" day in Mexico. It is customary to invite one's friends to dinner on that day. For the dessert a large cake resembling a crown is served. It is cut into as many slices as there are persons at the table. In the cake, before baking, a large bean is placed, and whoever gets the slice containing the bean has to give a party within a few weeks. There is always much merriment at the cutting of the king cake. The first Thursday of the year is also celebrated in Mexican social circles with a "Baile de los Compades." All those families who attend the posadas in any one place for the nine nights previous to Christmas meet again at this ball. Lots are drawn for partners, and those thus paired off are compades for the ensuing year.—Chicago News.

The "Scapegrace" Engine.

The other day the engine hitched to a New York Central train broke down midway between Albany and Rochester. "That's the scapegrace," said the conductor, as the train moved away to make room for the one that was to take its place. "There is always at least one scapegrace engine on every line. We call it a scapegrace because it is eternally getting into trouble. They had such a machine on the Lake Shore road. She was one of the two engines that pulled the west bound train that went through the Ashtabula bridge in one of the worst railroad accidents ever witnessed in this country. The head engine crossed the bridge all right, but the scapegrace pulled away from it and went through the bridge a distance of eighty feet."—New York Evening Sun.

The Lime Kiln Club Declines.

Sir Isaac Walpole announced that the widow of the Hon. Scuppernong Williams, of Milwaukee, had made a demand on the treasury of the club for $500, claiming that her husband, who was an honorary member, had been killed by lightning.

"But what has dis club got to do wid lightning?" asked the president.

"I dunno, sah."

"De seckretary will write to dat pusson to de effect that she has got a fish insurance policy on hoss barn mixed up wid a certifikate of honorary membership in dis lodge, an dat while we feel fur her in her grief we couldn't possibly let go of no $500 on any sich claim."—Detroit Free Press.

Prehistoric Skating.

As is well known, the art of skating is a prehistoric one. In many parts of Europe bones of domesticated animals have been found which have been used as skates or as runners of small sledges. It is of considerable interest to learn that similar implements are found still in use in several parts of northern Germany. In The Journal of the Berlin Ethnological society, sledges are described which consist of a board resting on the bones of a horse. But, besides this, skates are used, the runners of which consist of the lower jaw of cattle, the curvature of the lower side serving admirably the object of the skate. —Science.

LILLIPUTIAN STATES.

European Republics and Principalities of Diminutive Size.

The Republic of Andorra is in the valley of the Eastern Pyrenees, between France and Spain. Its inaccessibility has protected its liberties from the earliest times. It was nominally subjected to France, but as its people had aided Charlemagne in his campaign against the Moors, the Emperor rewarded them by conceding to them the privilege of self-government. The Republic to this day acknowledges France as its suzerain, and pays the French Government an annual tribute of about $400. It pays a similar tribute to the Bishop of Urgel, who, by traditionary privilege, wields the ecclesiastical patronage of the State. Otherwise the State is independent, and is governed by a sovereign council of twenty-four members, chosen by the people, and the council elects one of its number to be syndic for life and wield the chief executive power, assisted by a second syndic chosen in similar manner. Andorra has an area of between 200 and 300 square miles, and a population of about 12,000. San Marino, which claims to be the oldest and the smallest republic of the world, is in the northwestern part of Italy, enclosed on all sides by Italian provinces. It is situated in the heart of the Alpine district, 2,200 feet above the level of the sea. It has an area of seventeen square miles and a population of 8,000. It is said to have been first settled in the fourth century by Maurinus, a Dalmatian hermit, and has always been independent. The legislative power of this little republic is vested in a "princely and sovereign grand council," composed of sixty members, who are elected for life, with power to fill vacancies—the nobles, citizens and rural proprietors being represented in equal proportions. The executive power is wielded by two captains regent, who are chosen by the council every six months. There is also a kind of senate, composed of twelve members of the council, of which two-thirds are annually renewed. The captains regent are assisted by two secretaries of state, one for foreign affairs and one for the interior. For local administration there is an officer styled the syndic, appointed in each village. A still smaller state than either of the above is the principality of Monaco, on the Mediterranean coast of France, near the Italian frontier. It has an area of eight and one-third square miles and 8,500 inhabitants. This territory was from the tenth century in the possession of a Genoese family, and was under protection of various governments until 1793, when the National Convention of Paris declared it a part of the French Republic. In 1815, however, it was restored to its hereditary owners, and was placed under the protection of Sardinia. Monaco up to this time included two adjacent communes, which its Prince ceded to France in 1860 for a large indemnity. When the province of Nice was given to France in 1860 Monaco came under French protection. The province is under absolute control of the ruling Prince, who appoints nearly all the necessary officials. The present Prince, Charles III., in 1869 abolished all taxes, and since then has derived his revenue entirely from the rent of the gambling establishments of the city. But a still smaller European state deserves mention. This is the kingdom of Tavolara, comprising an island of about five and one-half square miles, northeast of the coast of Sardinia. It has something less than one hundred inhabitants. The absolute sovereignty of this island was granted early in this century by the King of Sardinia to the Bartoleoni family, the head of which has since borne the name of King of Tavolara and ruled his little domain with the form, at least, of regal dignity. King Paul I., who died a few years since, had held rule for over fifty years, and was a most generous and kind monarch and his death much lamented by his small family of subjects.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A Clash of Trades.

Chairman of three-card-monte syndicate—Pull up your shokers, boys, and look lamby. Dey's a jay coming in de car.

Sanctimonious Stranger (with sermon-bag)—Is this seat engaged, gents?

Chairman—No, sir; sit right down. Play whist?

Stranger (delicately biting a plug off a chew of tobacco)—No; I ain't educated on to them dame's games, but (producing tools of the profession), if you'p like ter put any scads on th' liability of this ere yellow pea fetchin' up under that thimble with the red stripes, I'm your meat.—*Tid-Bits.*

Beauty in Washington.

Washington Editor—A pretty mess you've made of that ball! What do you mean, sir, by calling Mrs. Rednose "distractingly beautiful?"

New Reporter—You told me I could get all the points I needed from last year's files, and she was called "distractingly beautiful" in every report last season.

"You'd better keep posted on the history of your native country, sir. Last year Mr. Rednose was chairman of the Committee on Public Pap; this year he's on Ventilation and Acoustics, and near the tail end of that.—*Omaha World.*

—A young lady, visiting for the first time in the country, was alarmed at the approach of a cow. She was too frightened to run, and, shaking her parasol at the animal, she said in a very stern tone: "Lie down, sir; lie down!"—*Calcutta Times.*

PLAIN ENTERTAINING.

The Kind of Courage Which Needs Cultivation by People of Moderate Means.

Some years ago an accomplished diplomate at Washington, the representative of a power not of the first importance, expressed his regret to a friend that he could not give dinners, "because," he said, "my Government is poor, and I can not afford it." The conversation occurred at the profuse and splendid table of a rich and courteous host, whose feasts were of great fame, and whose invitations were credentials of admission to the best society. A young diplomatic comrade who sat by heard the remark, and smiled as he said: "My Government is poorer than yours, and I am but lately arrived. But what is diplomacy without dinners? and I am going to give one. It will not be like this, but the splendor is not an essential part of the feast. I shall give a plain and cheap dinner, to which I invite you both."

His manner was gay, and his invitation was gayly and gladly accepted because he was one of the delightful men in Washington. His colleague, however, who had spoken first, shrugged his shoulders, and said that for his part he couldn't do it; he couldn't ask people to come to his house and eat a poor dinner. "Not so fast," replied his friend; "I didn't say a poor dinner, but a plain and cheap dinner. I hope it will be good, nevertheless, although there may be no baked carp or stewed nightingales' tongues. But come and see."

The young Minister of the small and poor kingdom was one of the most accomplished men in Washington. He was known to have corrected a Justice of the Supreme Court in regard to a decision of a United States Court in a Western State, and to have made the correction in English, which was a foreign tongue to him, but in English so exquisitely chosen and urbanely expressed that the Justice was probably unconscious of the mortification of the correction. The young Minister had no foolish, fond reserves. "My Government is poor, I am poor, we are all poor in my country," he said, "and I and my secretary work like day-laborers here in Washington to acquire and to report necessary information to my Government." But nobody was more sought; there was nobody whose coming more surely brought pleasure to any circle than that of the young Minister.

The day of the dinner came, and a plainer and a pleasanter dinner was never known in Washington. Every guest, from Secretary of State and the English Envoy to all their neighbors at table, gave every week, indeed, repasts much more magnificent. But the simple dinner, admirably cooked and served, without display of table service, without the carp and nightingales' tongues, but with the enlivening and inspiring charm of the host and the welcome variety of plainness after the luxurious extravagance and ostentation of the usual dinner, was so fresh and delightful that the satisfaction and pleasure were universal, and the skeptical colleague who had thought great cost essential to a successful dinner owned himself converted, and the next month ventured upon a similar feast, and with the same success.

The courage of the young Minister is almost universally wanting in what is called good society. If the social entertainment can not be as costly as that of the household which is very much richer, it must be abandoned. But in New York, as in every great city, the most expensive and extravagant feasts and balls are not the pleasantest, and obviously, if nobody is to open his or her house who can not dress as richly and offer as superb a supper as the chief Dives or Crœsus in town, society will be reduced to the very lowest terms. The Easy Chair would respectfully recommend to debutantes and to their parents a careful course of reading in Thackeray's "Book of Snobs," and also an instructive paper by the same social philosopher upon "A Little Dinner at Timmins'." In his "Early and Late Papers" also there are most amusing and valuable treatises upon dinners in Paris.

Besides, if rich people entertain as they please, why do not poorer people entertain as they please? Will you refuse to ask your friends because you can not serve ortolans upon Dresden china and gold, or pour Schloss Johannisberger for all the boys in Venetian glass, as your neighbor does? To put a truth in a homely way, you are as good as he, if not as rich, and why should you permit him unconsciously to bully you because he is richer than you? Mothers and fathers deplore the extravagance, the late hours, of society, the wanton dressing, the utter vanity and vexation, of the social tread-mill. And lo! a little courage, a little spirit, a little good sense in practice upon the part of a very few sensible persons, would relieve the pressure.

The great multitude of young persons and their parents in society are not very rich, but they suffer themselves to be dragged captive at the chariot wheels of great fortunes. Timmins will not give a pleasant, reasonable dinner within his means; he must rival in a way the banquets of Lord Culoseton, and the result is absurdly comical. There is a due proportion, a proper keeping, in all things. A supper that costs five hundred dollars is ludicrous upon the table of Timmins, in his modest house, plainly furnished. Every guest, so to speak, feels the strain. The feast seems to creak, and the tables, in good truth, to groan, with the conscious disproportion.

It is a wise proverb which urges us to do in Rome what the Romans do. But in Rome the Conte with a thousand scudi a year does not assume to entertain like his friend the Principe with a revenue of a million. Conte and Principe are equally noble, but not equally rich. When William of Orange, in a plain suit, received Philip Sidney, the Ambassador of Elizabeth, blazing in scarlet and gold, their greeting was that of friends, and neither of them was troubled by the clothes of the other. Suppose we try, madam, not to be troubled by the riches of our neighbors?—*George William Curtis, in Harper's Magazine.*

WIRE NAIL MAKING.

A German Industry which is Rapidly Growing in the United States.

One of the rapidly growing industries of the world, but of comparatively recent origin, is the manufacture of wire nails. The business originated in Germany and was only introduced into the United States about forty years ago. Manufactories have for a number of years been established in Pittsburgh, and the industry since has gradually moved westward. There are two establishments in Indiana, the largest being in Indianapolis. The other was started at Greencastle during the past year. Steel wire nails have grown in popularity because of their superior qualities of strength and toughness. Their manufacture is almost entirely different from that of the ordinary cut nail. There is no furnace work required and heavy machinery is not necessary. For making wire nails the best quality of Bessemer steel rods, or wire, is usually employed. The wire is made specially for the purpose and comes to the manufacturer in large coils. The first step in making a nail out of these coils is to plunge them for two or three minutes in large vats containing a fluid the principal ingredient of which is dilute sulphuric acid. This action is necessary to clean the wire and better fit it for drawing. The coils are next cleaned by dipping them into tanks of pure water, and they are then removed to the drying-room. This room is heated to a high degree of temperature by means of steam coils and the wire is soon dried. The wire, before it can be properly drawn, must be given the right temper, and for this purpose, after it has been dried, it is removed to the annealing ovens, where a uniform heat is applied that softens it to the required drawing temper. Once in the drawing-room the wire is reeled on cylinders placed near the reducing dies. The dies are of steel and usually three or four sizes smaller than the wire. The die is opened and the wire inclosed. The free end is then attached to another cylinder moved by machinery which draws the wires through the die and again reels it. This process is continued through smaller dies until the required fineness is reached. Before it is run through the die, however, provision is made for brightening the wire. For this purpose it is given a bath in lime water and the coating of lime which then adheres operates as a polisher while the wire is being drawn through the die. The wire is now ready for being cut into nails and is removed to the nailing-room. The coils are again placed upon reels preparatory to connecting them with the nailing machine which is altogether self-acting. The end of the wire is automatically fed into a die which, closing upon it, serrates it and holds it momentarily while a rod-hammer, acting like a piston, hits a small exposed portion of the wire and flattens it out into the head. As the hammer withdraws the die separates slightly allowing the wire to pass through the length of a nail, when a pair of small beveled chisels coming together behind the die both point and cut off the nail. The average capacity of a nail machine is three hundred per minute and one man with a helper can operate from four to nine. The last stage in completing the nail is to give it a further and finer polish, and this is accomplished by putting the nails into an iron-lined cylinder which revolves horizontally. In revolving the nails are rolled from side to side and the abrasion which thus ensues gives them the requisite polish. To absorb the oil which may have adhered to the wire while passing through the machinery in the process of becoming nails, a small quantity of sawdust is thrown into the cylinder.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—If there is any thing we need to realize it is the infinite and minute nearness of ourselves and our ways to God. We are ever in His presence. There is no moment of the most changeful life, no action of the dullest drudge who toils mechanically through his daily labor, no paltry wish, no trival loss, no childish gratification of vanity, no hidden triumph over self, no peevish whim or gnawing secret, no selfish appropriation of little comforts nor unseen generosity, no secret concession to or victory over the spirit of sloth, but must be known to an all-seeing God.—*Rev. Harvey Jones, M. A., in Quiver.*

—The extension of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba has lately opened up for settlement a large quantity of land in the Devils Land and Turtle Mountain countries. This includes about 200,000 acres, in the immediate vicinity of the track, surveyed during the past season, and now eligible for entry.

—All the steel marking and cancelling stamps used by the various postoffices throughout the country are made in the little machine shop of Colonel Benjamin Chambers, at Heathsville, Va. Heathsville itself was one of the first towns established by the settlers in Virginia.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

CARLSBAD'S EVENTFUL DAY.

The Grand Excursion a Genuine Success.

Hundreds of Visitors Sumptuously Entertained—A Large Number of Town Lots Disposed of at Good Prices.

Thursday was indeeed a gala day in Carlsbad—one long to be remembered in her already pleasant history. As previously announced in this paper, it was the day selected for the grand excursion arranged by the Carlsbad Land and Mineral Water Company, and a grand affair it truly was. The morning opened as usual—bright, sunny and salubrious—a cool breeze prevailing which rendered agreeable what might have appeared a warm day to some of our less fortunately-situated visitors. The decorations were ample and beautiful, citizens vieing with each other in rendering more attractive our already handsome town. The arrangements for the reception of guests were perfect, a fact which was assured when entrusted in the hands of the gentleman having the matter in charge. In brief, every detail was minutely attended to, leaving nothing to be desired. Bidding was spirited, and the prices obtained were consequently fair. A noteworthy fact in connection therewith was noticeable, to wit: The purchasers as a rule were not of the speculative class, but rather persons who, becoming convinced of the many advantages possessed by this section, had determined to remain with us permanently and help build up what must inevitably become a great city.

A PREMATURE ARRIVAL

Owing to arrangements having been made subsequent to those previously announced, the train bearing the excursionists from Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Riverside and other places to the north arrived here on the 5-o'clock train Wednesday evening, somewhat to the surprise of our citizens, and consequently did not receive the welcome intended for them. They were all comfortably provided for, however.

FROM THE SOUTH.

Long before the train from San Diego and National City was due crowds of gaily-dressed ladies and children, together with a multitude of the sterner sex, assembled at the depot to extend a hearty greeting to the visitors. At 11:30 the train, comprising seven crowded first-class passenger coaches, rolled up to the depot, and as the passengers alighted from the cars each was made the happy recipient of a tasteful bouquet of flowers, presented by a bevy of as handsome young damsels as any community can claim.

Immediately upon arrival the stentorian voice of Auctioneer Weller was heard, announcing that the first business of the day would be the discussion of refreshments provided by the managers of the company at "The Carlsbad," and inviting every one to partake. A march headed by the fine City Guard Band of San Diego was at once taken up for that resort. Carriages were in readiness to convey all who did not desire to climb the slight ascent from the depot to the hill, but were, as a rule, unused.

THE COLLATION.

It is safe to say that on no occasion of a like character in Southern California was there a scene of beauty equaling, or even approaching, that which greeted the eyes of the visitors upon entering the spacious dining-rooms of the mammoth hotel on Thursday. Six large tables, each capable of accommodating one hundred persons, were literally loaded down with the choicest edibles, fruits, nuts, etc., and adorned with gorgeous bouquets culled and arranged by fair hands in a manner unapproachable. And right here it should be stated that the major portion of the preparation of this part of the day's festivities devolved upon the ladies of Carlsbad, and right nobly did they perform their task. The perfect arrangements, the harmony of action and the minute attention paid to every detail for the comfort of the guests were indeed most praiseworthy. Nor was this fact unnoticed by the strangers. Encomiums of the highest character could be heard at every hand, and the ladies may well feel proud of their achievement. The following are the names of those to whom honor is due: Mesdames Langenbach, Kunze, Place, Woolman, Smith, Pratt, Knowles, Bentley, Wadsworth, Crain, Stone, Richards, Patterson, Tambling, Clausen; the Misses Emilie Langenbach, Ida Kunze, Alma Schutte, Hattie and Paulina Lehn, L. Bentley, and several whose names the reporter was unable to get.

It is unnecessary to state that the tables were crowded to their utmost capacity, even "ye newspaper man" being "shut out" from the first table.

After luncheon the strangers were shown through the great hotel and around its grounds by cheerful guides, and were surprised and pleased at the many attractions which met their gaze.

The big pumps, bringing the life-giving mineral water to the surface from a depth of over 500 feet, also came in for a share of attention.

THE SALE.

About 1:20 o'clock it was announced that the sale of lots would begin, and shortly after the auctioneer mounted the stand. In a few well-turned remarks he depicted the beauties and natural advantages of the property offered for sale, and announced the following terms: One-third of the purchase money at the time of sale, one-third in nine months, and the remainder in eighteen months. The liberality of the terms surprised the spectators, who were not slow to take advantage of them. Considering the fact that the day was mostly devoted to merry-making—partaking more of the nature of a picnic than a land sale—the results were very satisfactory to the company, over $21,000 being realized.

After the sale a second bountiful lunch was served, which was highly appreciated by every one, though all were astonished at this unexampled generosity.

THE DEPARTURE.

At 4:30 o'clock a warning whistle of the locomotive informed the excursionists that the hour of departure had nearly arrived, and then could be seen scores of people coming from every direction all-bedecked with the beautiful wild flowers and grasses of which the hills surrounding the town are so prolific. Assembled at the depot, many were the regrets expressed at their enforced departure. All were loud in their praises of Carlsbad and the hospitality of its people, and it is more than probable that not many weeks will elapse before a great number of those who visited us Thursday for the first time will return to reside in this community permanently. We invite them to come and assure them a hearty welcome. At five o'clock the bell sounded, and amid profuse handshakings and well wishes the guests departed. Thus ended our holiday.

INCIDENTS.

Auctioneer Weller is a "dandy in his business."

Asst. Supt. Ellis was here, there and everywhere.

"Coronado can't compare with this beach," remarked one of the excursionists.

The beach was crowded with visitors both before and after the sale, and all praised its many advantages for surf bathing.

One old San Diegan was heard to remark that he would rather have one drink of Carlsbad's mineral water than five "whiskey-straights."

The San Diego Band played some of the newest music in their usual faultless manner.

Oceanside people were promiscuous in Carlsbad Thursday.

The ice-cream booth near the depot was presided over by Mrs. J. A. Faucher, assisted by other ladies, and many a "weary pilgrim" received refreshment thereat.

Not an accident occurred to mar the success of the grand excursion.

THE NEW WHARF.

Excellent Progress Being Made in Its Construction.

Learning that some changes were contemplated from the original plans for the construction of the wharf a SEA LION representative was dispatched to interview Mr. McClere, and ascertion the facts. That gentleman was found hard at work with his force of workingmen upon the structure, which is fast assuming shape. The reporter was informed that no material alterations would be made from the first design. The wharf will be extended out beyond the breakers at low tide, and will consequently be over five hundred feet in length.

This enterprise will add greatly to the many existing attractions of Carlsbad as a health and pleasure resort, and reflects great credit on its projectors. Such commendable projects as this insure the success of our town. Let us have more of them and great profit will be derived therefrom to the entire community.

The Musical Union.

The weekly meeting of the Musical Union of this place was held at the residence of Mrs. Crain last Tuesday evening, and was largely attended and thoroughly enjoyed by those present. An instrumental duet by Messrs. Carr and Place was admirably executed. The quartette composed of Misses Schutte and Kunze and Messrs. Langenbach and Webb rendered their selection in a perfect manner, eliciting warm plaudits from the audience. The instrumental duet by Mrs. and Miss Babcock showed a perfect knowledge of music, and the performers received a hearty encore. A charming vocal duet between Misses Carthy and Campbell showed these young ladies to be possessed of excellent talent. In addition to the regular programme solos were given by Miss Ida Kunze, Mrs. Babcock and Mr. E. Buchanan, all of which were highly appreciated. The next meeting of the Union will be held at the residence of Mrs. Sam. C. Smith on Tuesday evening next, and the following will be the programme of the evening:

Instrumental Duet. ....Messrs. Carr and Place.
Vocal Duet. ..... Mr. Pratt and Miss Kunze.
Instrumental Solo ..... Miss Schutte.
Song ..... Mr. Buchanan.

A VERITABLE SANITARIUM.

One of Many Instances of Carlsbad's Curative Powers.

Instances of remarkable restoration to health in our town are coming to light daily, and are of such character as must satisfy the most skeptical of the virtues of Carlsbad's mineral waters and climate. One of the most notable coming to our notice recently is the case of Mr. Joseph Lehn, the worthy shoemaker, residing on Elm ave. Four months ago he arrived from Southern Illinois, and was at that time a confirmed invalid, suffering from a combination of diseases, chief of which were pneumonia and muscular rheumatism. Mr. Lehn commenced bathing in the waters and drinking the same, and the improvement in his health is almost miraculous—so much so that after being unable to work for nearly two years previous to arrival here he is now capable of doing a full day's work without inconvenience. As before stated this is but one of many instances of like character. Mr. Lehn's family, including Miss Pauline, who, by the way, is a most capable dressmaker, are overjoyed at the result of their visit to Carlsbad.

A Clever Capture.

The Oceanside officers deserve credit for a neat piece of "work" performed by them Thursday. A "shell-game" man came up on the San Diego excursion train, and though "spotted" by J. K. Wilson, and others of this place, managed to evade them in the rush when the sale of lots began. Shortly after his disappearance, however, Judge D. B. Frazee, while driving along the beach, observed the fellow plying his nefaribus trade, and at once caused his arrest. Upon searching him a valuable necklace was found upon him, which proved to belong to a lady excursionist from San Diego, and it was restored to the owner. Other articles of value were found upon him. He is thought to be an old offender, and was taken to Oceanside, where he was examined yesterday and committed for trial.

Work of Art.

We are deeply indebted to J. Chauncey Hayes, Esq., Editor and proprietor of the South Oceanside DIAMOND, who has presented the SEA LION with a valuable oil painting, executed by Miss Dora Gamble, sister of James Gamble, one of the best and oldest engineers on the California Southern Railroad. The painting represents a drove of wild horses in flight, the foremost, a beautiful black charger, with head erect and flashing eye, presenting a good contrast to the lighter forms in the back ground. The subject is worthy of a Rosa Bonheur, and is admirably handled. Admirers of art can view the painting at this office, where it will be kept for a short time for that purpose. Again thanks, Brother Hayes.

A Valuable Improvement.

Our worthy townsman, John A. Faucher, is making noteworthy advance in improving his valuable 160-acre tract immediately adjoining town on the north-east, among which he contemplates sinking enough artesian wells to thoroughly irrigate the property. One has been sunk to a depth of nearly 300 feet, although water in considerable quantity was found at 70 feet. But the gentleman is determined to prospect the water-belt of Carlsbad, and so will continue operation until satisfied with the result.

LANGENBACH'S NEW STORE.

A Commodious and Well-Stocked Establishment.

Mr. J. J. Langenbach is occupying a fine building on the corner of Second street and Elm avenue. It is occupied as a grocery and dwelling by the proprietor and family, and a glance at the well-filled shelves and piles of goods upon the floor will convince the most incredulous that their every need can be obtained in this establishment. In the rear part of the store, the post office is situated, where kind attention is given to callers.

Adjoining the grocery, on the south is another store of equal dimensions, which is being reserved for the occupancy of Mr. P. J. Langenbach who will establish a first-class drug-store therein, a much-needed want even in healthful Carlsbad. Mr. Langenbach is an experienced pharmacist and our citizens can rely upon him in their needs.

Beautiful grounds surround the building, which are being highly ornamented. Altogether the new building is a credit to the town.

Struck with Paralysis.

We are pained to announce to the readers of the SEA LION the news of the sad affliction sustained by Mr. James Mull, Jr. At about 11 o'clock Thursday morning, while sitting at the depot, he was seized with vertigo, and but for the timely assistance of bystanders would have fallen to the ground. He was at once removed to his residence, where he was attended by Dr. Vail, who, upon examination, discovered that the gentleman was suffering from paralysis of the left side. He was made comfortable, but at the present writing lies in a critical condition. His brother, who lives in Tulare, was at once telegraphed for, and will probably arrive to-day.

A Social Hop.

As a sort of "wind-up" to the pleasant events of Thursday, the young ladies and gentlemen of this town concluded to have a social party, which was accordingly given in the large dining-room of "The Carlsbad" in the evening. Good music was furnished by the Carlsbad String Band. Dancing began at 9 o'clock and continued until midnight, when the merry assemblage dispersed. Those pleasant affairs should occur oftener.

HOME NEWS.

A walk over to the new wharf is a pleasant morning exercise.

Fine weather and clear skies are the regular events in Carlsbad.

Pleased faces and happy smiles were the rule on Thursday.

Keep your optics on this town. "There are no flies on us."

"Good as Gold" is the name of a new five-cent cigar at the Pioneer.

A haul of 700 pounds of fish was made near the new wharf yesterday.

Miss Eva Van Kirk, of Riverside, is visiting Mrs. J. A. Faucher.

The ice-cream festival held last Saturday evening was highly successful.

The depot has been completed and is as commodious as our increasing travel makes necessary.

F. S. Trumbower of Oceanside expects to have a gang of Chinamen at work making brick here inside of fifteen days.

The SEA LION, not to be behind the circus, added a fresh coat of paint and made other improvements to its building this week.

A. A. Bynon, editor and proprietor of the Oceanside STAR was in Carlsbad this week and paid the SEA LION a fraternal visit.

The mansard roof of the big hotel received many encomiums from the excursionists on Thursday. They were well merited, for it is a truly handsome affair.

"How do you like your investment?" was the frequent query heard in Carlsbad on Thursday, and a well-satisfied nod was the general response.

A railroad accident occurred at Delta on Monday on account of the switch being "cocked," the pin having fallen out. The rails not matching the train run in on the lead rail. The cars were damaged somewhat; the engine had both side rods bent and the dome-cover knocked off.

If any one has a doubt of the wonderful productiveness of Carlsbad soil let him visit the store of Mr. Langenbach and gaze on the mammoth potatoes and luscious strawberries there on exhibition. These were raised in that gentleman's own garden, and therefore there can be no imposition. A sight of these wonderful productions must convince the most skeptical.

W. M. GOLDBAUM. — MAX. GOLDBAUM,

South Oceanside, California.

South Oceanside Commission HOUSE.

Has a fine assortment of fresh groceries, furnishing goods, boots and shoes. Everything at San Diego prices. Come and see.

All kinds of products bought.

Corner Cassidy and Broadway.

MAX GOLDBAUM, Manager.

ANDREW J. MYERS. J. EDWARD MYERS,

A. J. MYERS & SON,

General Hardware Store.

Wholesale and Retail.

Everything at Bed-rock figures.—Tin-work of all kinds done.

Corner Second and Hill streets. — Oceanside, California.

COL. D. H. HORNE, Pres. C. L. MORRILL, Vice-President. E. S. PAYNE, Cashier

The * Bank * of * Oceanside.

Only incorporated Bank in three towns.

OCEANSIDE, SAN DIEGO CO., CALIFORNIA.

CAPITAL - - - - 50,000.00.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

SUNNY SLOPE.

Addition to Carlsbad.

That very desirable property known as Sunny Slope, lying to the north, and joining the present town site, is now

Surveyd and offered to the Public.

Lots 50 by 100 Feet

pleasantly situated on proposed line of the Motor Railroad to Oceanside, commanding a grand panoramic view of the Old Pacific, Santa Catalina and San Clement Islands, also the Snowcapped Peak of the San Juan Mountain in the far distance. Too much cannot be said of this Lovely Valley and the now noted Mineral Springs of beautiful Carlsbad. Come at once and secure a lot at the Golden Beach Summer Resort of the Pacific Coast before prices are advanced.

For further particulars apply to

F. D. Mitchel,

Permanent Agent, Carlsbad, Cal.

D. D. HANKS,

House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter.

DECORATING AND PAPER HANGING.

—Dealer in—

Paints and Painters Supplies.

CARLSBAD, San Diego County, CALIFORNIA.

The Fountain of Health!

The Carlsbad Mineral Water Hot Baths.

The greatest health giving treatment yet discovered.

Bath house is ellegantly furnished and open to invalids at all houers of the day.

The Carlsbad Mineral water hot bathes are recommended by the most eminent physicians.

Bath house located on the terrace adjoining the well.

CARLSBAD—

M-E-A-T — M-A-R-K-E-T.

ELLIS & HANKS, Proprietors.

THE BEST QUALITY OF FRESH MEAT ALWAYS ON HAND.

Shop open from 9 to 10 in the forenoon and 3 to 4 in the afternoon.

We solicit your patronage.

NEW BARBER SHOP—

Everything New, Neat and Clean.

Second Street,

CARLSBAD, - CALIFORNIA

I have opened up a new shop in Carlsbad, where, by keeping a neat, clean shop and by giving strict attention to business, I hope to merit a fair share of the trade.

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4 56a	3 26p	..... Carlsbad	9 31p	9 41a
9 30p	11 00a	..... Colton.....	4 10a	1 45a
8 05	10 35	San Bernardino	5 00a	2 30p
5 30	8 05	..Los Angeles.....	7 48a	4 50p

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